EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

Influence of Mind Upon the Body.

By Dr. M. Gradle.

THE only parts of the body directly controlled by the mind are those muscles which serve the purpose of the will. There are, besides, many other muscular movements going on in the interior of the body which, too, are in part governed by nerves but cannot be influenced by the will, such as the circulation af the blood, the action of the stomach and of the intestines. While this activity of interior organs does not depend in any manner upon the consciousness of the individual its regularity is at times disturbed by mental emotions. Examples of such transient interferences with the normal action of different organs by mental influences are blusaing, blanching, and fainting, or, on the other hand, tumultuous beating of the heart.

Of greater importance than the instances mentioned is the influence of emotions upon some of the glands, such as the tear glands, the sweat glands, and the organs furnishing the digestive juices. All these secretions we cannot govern by our will, but we cry from joy or grief and we sometimes sweat on account of terror. Not only does the mouth "water" by reason of a free flow of saliva at the sight of appetizing food, but the stomach, too, responds by yielding gastric juice freely when we get ready for a desired meal, while disgust can promptly stop the flow of gastric juice. Hence pleasant surroundings with the meals are not merely a luxury but a physiological benefit.

Apart from the occasional and transient interference by mental emotions with the distribution of blood, the rhythm of the heart and of breathing, and the mechanism of digestion, the vital activity of the system is on the whole beyond the control and influence of the mind.

The real basis of life is tissue change, a series of chemical changes going on in all living matter and in every part of the body as long as life lasts. Under the head of tissue change we include processes of nutrition and growth, the gradual "burning up," so to speak, of living matter and its replacement by the transformed food. This tissue change takes place in the lowest animals which have no nerves, as well as in man with his elaborate nervous system. But even in man the essential vital processes are not under the direct control of the nerves and are hence removed entirely beyond the possibility of mental influence.

The basis of disease is a disturbance of the finer chemical changes in the affected part. The cause of the disease, a germ, a poison, or whatever the case may be, acts in the first place by deranging the chemical changes in that part which it attacks. As these vital processes cannot be influenced by any form of mental activity, their modification in disease can likewise not be controlled through the mind. The course of a disease, its tendency to recovery, or its persistence in a chronic form, or its end by the succumbing of the body depend on definite conditions among which mental influences play no rôle whatsoever.

While the mind cannot change the course of a disease or cut short its duration, it can modify greatly the suffering felt. For the pain, the distress, and even the disability caused by a given disease are not a fixed and invariable quantity, alike in all instances and at all times. As well as we can detect faint noises otherwise unheard by "listening," we can make ourselves conscious of the slightest discomfort produced by disease by watching for it. The concentration of attention upon the diseased part, aided by fear and anxiety, will not only intensify all suffering but may even perpetuate it occasionally after its original cause has partly or wholly ceased. But the mind can lessen the inconveniences of disease as well as exaggerate them. A severe pain, it is true, will dominate the consciousness to an almost unconquerable extent and but few persons are able to ignore it. But the less acute the suffering the easier it is to divert the mind from it by other mental activity. By taking a live interest in other subjects besides one's own ailment and thus directing the attention away from the personal discomfort, instead of toward it—in other words, by mental discipline—the suffering from many diseases is made bearable or even temporarily forgotten. The more the attention can be diverted from any sensation the less the impression it makes on the consciousness.

The human mind is so constituted, however, that an appeal to reason, an argument to ignore the distress, would have but little effect on most patients. The mental faculty, the appeal to which is most successful for this end in view, is the imagination. The more firmly a sufferer can be made to believe in the efficacy of any treatment or influence whatsoever, the better his chances for speedy relief of his distress. This is not saying that faith has anything to do with the real cure. The skill of the most unsympathetic physician will lead to the cure of any disease which medical knowledge can control just as quickly as would be the case with an adviser inspiring the highest confidence from the start. The latter, however, has the advantage that the patient's faith and hope will help him in moderating the annoyance of the disease as long as it lasts.

The wonderful influence of faith and imagination in diverting the attention from suffering explains an occasional "miraculous" cure claimed by persons without medical knowledge. In reality, however, most of such instances are either not confirmed by reliable evidence or when sifted by a competent observer turn out much exaggerated. All that can ever be expected of any mind cure, no matter under whose direction, is to suppress that part of the suffering or disability that owes its existence to unfavorable mental influences. The physical condition itself, the actual disease, continues its course independent of and not influenced by the patient's frame of mind. But if any mental impression lessens the annoyance by an ailment the sufferer is apt to speak of its curative effect, even though it did not really alter the course of the disease.

New Ideals Arise as Man Progresses.

By Ada May Krecker.

THE old men sigh for the good old times. Their minds are senilely unfit. They look at yesterday with a microscope. The youths burn for the better new times. Their minds are puerilely unfit. They look at tomorrow with a telescope. Somewhere there is a mellow philosopher who sees every day as a yesterday and a tomorrow. He is agreeable to the old man's faded glory and to the youth's prophetic grandeur. But he finds today as good as either of them.

No. Grecian and Roman glory do not dazzle him. He knows that every civilization has its bud. And that in comparisons bud must be matched with bud, bloom with bloom, shriveled sten, with shriveled stem. Our civilization is seedling. The American race is yet unborn. It will only begin to be born when the many divers peoples from everywhere gathering here will have mingled, and blended, and fused into a wonderful one people.

If we ourselves are unborn, emphatically unborn are our music, our art, our literature, our government, our society. And in our unbornness, in our magnificent rawness, we can be compared with Greece and Rome only when they were infantilely, initially crude.

And then we do not suffer. We have begun in our material parts with electricity and radium and the wonders these evolve. Greece and Rome did not even end with these. When our art, and music, and philosophy, and religion shall have developed, then we may make comparisons. But you cannot compare the blooms of a tree with the nonexisting flowers of the seedling. And you cannot blame the seedling for being without flowers. For it to have flowers would be monstrous.

But when our flower time has come it will be followed duly by the fruit and harvest time, and then the winter barrenness and death. And after us another civilization as much greater than we as we are and shall be greater than Greece and Rome or any other past marvel that you will. And after this greater civilization a still greater, which will distance the greater as the greater has distanced us. Ad infinitum.

And by and by we shall look like savages, and then like troglodytes or pitlicanthropus erectus, and then like a monkey or a pollywog. And all our current notions of beauty will pass into ugliness in this greater civilization. Our opera, art, and poetry will be monkey gibberish. Our finest sense of truth, of love, of goodness will be brutish. Our nobility will be base and sordid, coarse.

We pin our faith to some pet and petty reform, to some new order of society. We dream of Utopia, of happy valleys, of millenniums. We talk of perfection. We are fools. There are no such things. The world is as perfect now as it ever will be. And you and I are as perfect as we ever shall be. For a thing to be perfect it requires to be considered as perfect. That is all. We, in our every day persons, characters, houses, habits, transcend, and more than transcend, a monkey's probable ideals of beauty, truth, and goodness. And our ideals of beauty, truth, and goodness are in turn transcended, and more than transcended, by those of the coming men, by the ideals of the heroes, by the ideals of the gods.

Perfection would not be so desperately hopeless were we not changing with the world, were not every new and greater civilization made by a new and greater race. So that the greater world that is coming will seem as faulty to the greater race that is coming as seems our lesser world to our lesser race.

Fulfill our every ideal, actualize our every dream, build our Utopia. And unless we stagnate while it is fulfilling, actualizing, building, it will cease to be ideal, dream, Utopia long ere we have it. We realize our ideals, but while they are realizing we move to higher places. And instead of being above us as ideal, they are below as all too base realities.

If all our most hobbied reforms were operating by the year 2110 and we were here to see them in operation, either we should have atrophied or they would cease to satisfy.

Our satisfactions do not come from a comparison of our outer world with our inner and finding it a faithful copy thereof. Never! The soul can sicken with outer beauty, with outer truth, with outer goodness just as it can with their reverses.

It is useless to look to the future. The future on its arrival will be as barren as the present. Perhaps the slaves of Greece, 95 to 99 per cent of the inhabitants of Greece, watched the old Greek glory as it was enjoyed by less than 5 per cent of the people, and sighed for a state where all would be free men. Well, today all are free. And every free man among us has his ballot. But are we satisfied?

Past and future have somehow to be synthesized into the immediate moment, a sublimely perfected present.

Ideal and real must somehow harmonize. Material and spiritual must meet, must blend. Every conflicting foe in the mind must kiss and make up with his enemy.

We must somehow find satisfaction in all this that we would do away with. In the incompleteness. In the imperfectnesses. In the transitorinesses. In the changes. In the mobility and plasticity of things. In their unreliability. In their passing. In all this about them that we are prone to regard as ill, as unfortunate, as unpleasant necessity, as insignificant means, as inconsequential appurtenance, as flaw, as shortcoming.

We must somehow get joy out of the pain of life. We must see the beauty and the wonder of the world misery. We must admire the evil as we admire the good. We must lick the dust with the homage that we pay the heavens. We must realize the sweet in struggle, in defeat, in destitution.

We must know the world as perfect in its imperfectness, as finished in its incompleteness, as satisfying in its unsatisfactoriness. Working for our fellows as purposely as we will, we must realize that they need no working for. That we need only to love and enjoy them—which is true. While looking to a better day we must perceive that it will never come. That it is here.

Man Needs Religious Fellowship.

By Prof. George Burman Foster.

IF the past church no longer suffices let us make a new one. For without some sort of religious fellowship we cannot last long as a people. Nay, we cannot last long as a human race.

So long as there are religious men, so long must there be religious community. The man who possesses inner possessions is thereby driven to communicate them to others. A soul with a living conviction must seek likeminded souls, and thus be first truly sure and glad by their common fellowship of faith. The plan and organism of life is a giving and receiving. Most of all is this true of the religious life.

To be sure, religion, the relation of God, is a private affair, most personal, most intimate of all things. But the noteworthy thing is that precisely this most subjective of all human experiences most demands and craves fellowship.

Paradoxical as it is, the religious man has no greater need than to be alone in his innermost feelings, and yet no greaeter joy than to find an echo in some other heart like his own in experience.

Therefore, though no stone of our present church may remain upon another, though our cult, our creed, our pious usages may assume entirely different forms, still those who are filled with the same spirit and the same love, the same hunger for the eternal and the adorable, the all-loving and the all-holy will gather together in a fellowship of insight and of purposes and of the new name and the hidden manna!

They will find time and place for mutual strengthening through the prophetic word and the living spirit, through some psalm of life and some aspiring soul. And the religious herjtage of the fathers will not be forgotten any more than we shall forget their great literature, or art, or music, or devotion to high ends.

Ever again there will be new imperfection, spirit and form will never be quite co-incident. Yet spirit must ever have form, as poetry expression, and music an instrument or voice. There will always be religious communities. Even those who call themselves atheists and unbelievers get themselves together into such unions. Every one will seek to be in fellowship with as many others as possible. And such fellowships as these will once again be the salt of the earth.

There are so many new hopes and new ideals seething in our time. There is so much earnest purpose to create something new and better. But there is lacking the unity, the soul to bring order into the confusion, to clarify this new, good, but unclear purpose, to keep it together and set it free. It is my profound conviction that this soul can only be a new religious fellowship.

We must find ourselves again in the center of us. Then we can attain to a unitary and powerful purpose and will. There is a new yearning after God, a demand for a new love, a more beautiful, a more noble relation of man to man. There are so many today that want to loose themselves from their individualism and isolation, gather together into something greater, truer, sweeter, nobler.

If only somehow such a fellowship could grow up out of the soil of our time, rich with the sap of a new life, grow up into freer and finer forms, such a brotherhood of men, seized by the fire and life of God, filled with strong faith and hope and holy joy and bravery, united in that love which is the greatest of all, then once again they that feared the Lord would speak often to one another, and his servants would serve him.

From this yearning of our time the church will be renewed. There will be a rebirth to faith. We do not know what form the church will take after this rebirth. And yet I think we may descry its outlines. It will be a church of the universal priesthood. It will afford us that fellowship of spirit which we now so painfully miss. We will pass out from our solitude and realize that we are upborne by a common religious spirit.

We shall feel that we are strengthened in our possession and pursuit by being banded together with others who possess and pursue. Above all, we shall find more fellowship of love. We shall know some way, somewhere to serve, help, love with divine power and warmth, grow to the measure of the special plan of our life in company with our brothers and sisters on the basis of a true humanity.

The thing that is deeply going on in the soul of woman today will be better understood and more highly valued. In a word something of the brotherly sense, of the spirit of love, of the fire and enthusiasm of the first Christian community must break forth again as from hidden fountains in the high hills of God. There will be life and truth from the spirit in all the forms and usages of life. Then the estranged brother will return. The best, the freest, the most reverent will be with us again.

The yearning is prophecy of the coming day.

Girl Who Answers 'Personals' Odd Study

By Rene Mansfield.

HAVE you never glanced idly over the "personal" column of a newspaper and been tempted to respond to some of the curious notices that find their way there? Or have you never thought that some day you should like to insert a "personal" notice out of curiosity as to the sort of responses you would receive? On account of the various uses to which the "personal" column came to be put the notices that now appear in reputable newspapers are usually to the effect that John Brown will be responsible only for his own debts.

It was but a few years ago, however, that this column might be said to represent a sort of sociological river, which if it might be sounded would add interesting data to the eternal study of mankind. An intimate study of the individuals who reach out of their environment to communicate with an unknown, through loneliness, curiosity, or as a mere prank should disclose either faulty environment or border line abnormality.

Some time ago Dr. MacDonald, an eminent criminologist and psychologist, determined to make such a study. He cast three wily nets in the form of "personals" which appeared in different papers at different times in this country and Europe for a period of three months. The first one was worded:

PERSONAL—GENTLEMAN OF HIGH SOCIAL and university position desires correspondence (acquaintance not necessary) with young educated woman of high social and financial position; no agents; no triflers; must give detailed account of life; references required. Address Lock Box—

This was expected to appeal to women of some social standing, who might be induced to reply mainly through motives of curiosity. And such was the case, the daughters of wealthy and well known men, and even women of title, writing cautiously to inform the advertiser that they were not amiss to a correspondence with so desirable a gentleman. However, several of them—American girls, these—divined at once the purpose of the "personal."

One of them wrote: "I have told you that my great hobby is the study of mankind, and I will also add that anything out of the ordinary interests me exceedingly. That is why I have taken such an interest in your notice. It struck me at the time there was something 'behind,' something which might be added to my collection of mental curios. After reading your notice again it occurs to me you are only experimenting with the female mind. In your scientific zeal you are perhaps using an advertisement to draw out a number of women as a study, even as I am seeking your motives as a possible 'study from life.'"

Anothed form of "personal" used was:

PERSONAL—AUTHOR DESIRES CORRESpondence with the sociological development of woman, with lady of highest intellectual and financial position; acquaintance not necessary.

The new woman, the ultra-advanced woman, the bachelor girl, it was thought would hasten to unburden herself of her opinions. She did. Students, writers, and teachers were among those who expressed themselves willing to correspond with the author on the vital topic suggested. Not a few criticised sharply the singular method the author had employed, while agreeing to continue the correspondence if so desired. One woman wrote: "May I not, however, suggest that while the 'highest intelligence' is certainly none too good for the work, the 'highest financial position' is usually incompatible with any knowledge of the kind desired."

PERSONAL—GENTLEMAN (EUROPEAN EDucation) desires to correspond in German, French, or English with lady.

This last advertisement, while offering a sort of vent for the stranger in a strange land who longed for her native language, also contained the hint of romance that might develop from the correspondence.

It was no light task to maintain a correspondence with these hundreds of women, and, as Dr. MacDonald would employ no assistant, wishing to guard the identity and confidence of his correspondents, his own letters were necessarily brief. Indeed, one correspondent declared astutely: "Your letters strike one as if you typed off several that would suit various correspondents, just adding a few lines in your own handwriting that may bear a little reference to what each one in particular wrote about." Another writer, apparently missing the rash indiscretion of youth, says: "Do you know, your letters do not seem to me as those of a young man? I do not care to know you unless young [not second childhood]. I'm scared half to death for fear my papa will discover what his daughter am a doing."

Many of the correspondents, while discerning that they were being studied by the author, lent themselves willingly to the purpose. "I believe you look upon me as a specimen. I do not in the least care. You shall see me in every mood, as the desire springs spontaneously." One woman who had published several volumes of verse wrote many of her letters almost entirely in rhyme. The knowledge that they were writing to an entire stranger robbed the writers of self-consciousness and affectation. They wrote of their moods as they would have set them down in their diary. A woman who was the victim of melancholia at times described picturesquely her mood. "It is raining cats and dogs and demons! An indigo atmosphere surrounds me! I am literally being wiped out! I am drowned! Chaos."

During the course of the correspondence Dr. MacDonald asked for opinions on various subjects: woman's rights, marriage, divorce, and whether women should have the right to propose. The latter question brought on much discussion and the clever epigram: "God disposes, man proposes, and woman poses just between the two." After the proper time had elapsed, though, etiquette on these matters must be arbitrary, the doctor suggested that he would like to meet his correspondent. In most cases the request was acceded to, though occasionally some one wrote in another vein. "I have never made a move to meet a man; even a friend. I never take such steps. I quite exhausted my powers when I wrote you that first letter. I leave it for the other sex to make all the advances." Since the writer in question wrote further, "As for freedom, I have it. I am afraid of nothing in the world, in the universe, either, and I always do exactly as I please," she may see fit to change her mind about the geography of "advances."

Granted an interview, the doctor entirely dispelled any illusions of romance that may have existed by requesting to take measurements of his hostess' nervous system. His object was to decide as accurately as possible the acuteness of the nerves to heat, pain, and locality, in order to compare these results with the acuteness of the nervous system of women in general. Resorting to the somewhat questionable means of a "personal" column to become acquainted with strangers might be a result of faulty nervous conditions. But, as a matter of fact, the tests the doctor was able to make seemed to prove the absolute normality of the writers. They were simply out of harmony with their social environment and had strayed into "æsthetical indiscretions."

The motives were varied, curiosity being acknowledged as actuating nearly all the responses. "Why did I respond to your 'personal?' Perhaps that I might have an opportunity to display my knowledge of the complete letter writer. Seriously, I had no good reason; lack of resources. A brainless woman always needs occupation." Few seemed to have written with the definite idea of seeking matrimony, and of these there were more widows than unmarried women, which would appear to be an empirical argument in favor of marriage.

With few exceptions, the letters Dr. MacDonald received were from women of more than ordinary intelligence, education, and culture. Their general tone implied that the writers considered themselves "not quite like other girls." Many of the younger girls were ignorant of the fact that "personal" notices were formerly not invariably of good character. One fact brought out undeniably was that in every case there was much evidence of a lack of proper home training and education

THE THRILLS OF YESTERDAY.

BY GEORGE T. MARSH.

The heroes that we once adored
No more we see in grievous plight;
Gone are the plays of plume and sword,
With menaced maids and men of might;
The shudders and the dear delight
Of swift surprise and dire dismay
That swept us o'er have vanished quite—
Where are the thrills of yesterday?

Since Ouida went to her reward
And left no one behind to write,
The people cry with one accord
That current tales are dull, in spite
Of art most skilled and erudite.
Since Laura Jean has gone astray
And Ella Wheeler grown contrite,
Where are the thrills of yesterday?

We calmly sit in silence, bored,
Devoid alike of fear or fright;
No villain bleeds upon the sward
Of pulseless play or bloodless fight.
No heroine's cry rings in the night
When raplers flash in mad mêlée
While Fortune smiles upon the right—
Where are the thrills of yesterday?

L'ENVOI.

Pray tell me what strange spell or blight
Bewitches every book and play?
No more they stir us and excite
With throbbing thrills of yesterday.

Again There Is Need of True Patriotism.

By C. Stuart Beattie.

IT does not require the foresight of a Daniel to know the ultimate of the fight of the people on the combines and conspiracies which under the name of trusts are pushing up prices and suppressing competition in the necessaries of life. True, they hitherto have seemed to thrive on indictments and government assault upon their proprietors and operatives, which appear to hammer them into a more compact and dangerous organism, but there is a latent force in their vitals which ere long will serve to destroy them.

It is over 150 years since the English court of King's Bench denounced this business in which so many of our leading and wealthy citizens are engaged, and declared it a crime for which punishment need not await legislation (2 Ld. Raymond, 300). Every state has followed this rule with more or less stringent law, and the federal government by the anti-trust law.

Where the corporation, through its directors controlled by the majority of its stockholders, few or numerous, is violating one of these statutes it is liable to a penalty, in most cases even to the loss of its charter. It is well settled law that this continuous jeopardy of the corporation assets puts in every non-consenting holder of a share of stock the right of an action in a court of equity to enjoin the directors and other officers from continuing the violation of the law.

While formerly the courts were inclined to look with suspicion upon one or a few stockholders who came asking to have corporate directors disciplined, that judicial policy has much changed in the last few years and the courts are now pleased to grant relief where any well founded cause of complaint exists. Undoubtedly this liberality on the part of the courts will continue and increase, agreeable to Lord Coke's celebrated maxim, "Crime increasing, punishment should also increase" (i. e., discouragement for crime), and every opportunity to destroy a criminal combine will be afforded and enlarged by the judges.

The efforts of the state or government to dissolve the combine and punish the conspirators is necessarily hampered by the rules of criminal law as to self-incrimination, jury trial, and reasonable doubt; but none of these get in the way of the quick action of an equity judge in the civil suit by a stockholder. The criminal proceeding may be compared to an attack on the fortress from without and the stockholders' proceeding to a spark in the powder magazine.

Heretofore the expense and danger of losing on the investment have been sufficient to deter many minority stockholders from proceeding along this course, but there are patriotic citizens who would delight in the loss and trouble simply to curb such a combine. Once let this latter class understand fully their power as individuals over this matter, and the same spirit that destroyed the slavery of the black man will more rapidly eliminate the criminal trust.

RESULTS OF FREE ART IN ITALY AND AMERICA.

An unexpected and alarming result of the removal of the tariff on art is pointed out by Commendatore Ettore Ximenes, director in the Italian ministry of public instruction, and the sculptor of the Verrazzano monument in Battery park, New York City, who is now visiting America.

"Free art is a bad thing, both for America and Italy," said the sculptor. "The art collectors of America and the souvenir hunters are insatiable. With unlimited means and ambition they ransack Italy as they do all of Europe for art treasures to bring back to their country. The tariff on art was formerly so high that it acted as a deterrent for many. It restricted the importation. Now, without this restriction, everybody is bringing back art objects.

"Now see what happens. The demand is great and the supply is certain to match it. We find conscienceless artists imitating every conceivable art object, whether it be a painting or a piece of sculpture, a tapestry, or what not. America is certain therefore to be flooded with fake art objects. They are brought over by all classes. They find their way even into the public museums. Some of the artists supplying these fakes are clever. They imitate Raphael or Titian, for instance, painting on old canvas, so that even artists are deceived. It is only when we resort to the chemical tests that we can be certain.

"On the other hand, the removal of your tariff on art is bad for Italy, because it causes many art objects, which are the glory of our country, to come to America, to our sorrow. It was bad enough before to watch this loss of our priceless treasures, and the danger is doubtless far greater under the new law. Then the temptation to fake art is bad for art and demoralizing to our profession.

"The law in Italy is strict against exporting objects of art. It is impossible even for a private individual to sell a painting or a piece of sculpture if it is to leave Italy. There is a heavy fine and an imprisonment for the offense. The government on the other hand has the privilege of bidding for any art object which may be placed on sale. The price paid by the government is often much less than might be paid by a private collector.

"The law today punishes not only the one who sells the object of art but the foreigner who takes it out of the country. In cases where the art object is sold, for instance, to provide against absolute want, the situation is considered a mitigating circumstance. With all these barriers, however, it is still possible for our art treasures to find their way out of Italy. And the danger is increased by the removal of the tariff on art in America."

ODD RESEARCHES MADE BY SCIENTISTS.

By reason of the unusual character of its endowment the Carnegie institution at Washington is enabled to pursue all manner of queer investigations into matters scientific, which investigations no other scientific body on earth could afford to make.

For instance, one of the items in the institution's expense account covers extended investigations into the nature and scope of the religious ceremonies of the Pawnee Indians.

The Index Medicus, which after twenty years of existence was discontinued because it did not pay, although of undisputed value in medicine and hygiene, was taken up again about four years ago and will be carried to completion and published.

There is an American woman working at the Royal Botanical gardens in Berlin who has been voted a grant by the institution for preliminary studies in the plants of the Philippines. A professor of a northern university has been likewise encouraged to investigate rare earths.

Men who are experimenting on ship resistance and propulsion have received large sums of money from the Carnegie institution during the last three years.

Among the large appropriations granted not long ago was one to defray the cost of experiments to be conducted by Prof. Atwater with respect to the amount of oxygen consumed by man in sustaining bodily functions.

Prof. G. Stanley Hall's investigations of childhood, which were so comprehensive as to include studies of "showing off" and of bashfulness among the phenomena of early life, were made possible by a grant from the institution founded by Mr. Carnegie.

In nearly every case these grants have gone to persons who on their own account and often at their own expense, had been patiently conducting experiments for years without hope of reward, but had reached the point where unaided they could go no further. For such enterprises the Carnegie institution was particularly devised.

WHAT DIFFERENT NATIONS CALL EACH OTHER.

The French call our country Etats-Unis, but Vereinigte Staaten is the German rendering of the same name.

Spain, to which we owe so large a share of names in the new world, is España to the Spanish themselves, Spagna to the Italians, and Espagne to the French.

In the case of our chief metropolis the word "New" is generally retained in its American form by the French and Germans, but is translated by the Italians and Spanish. The latter speak of Nueva York.

The Mediterranean sea, called by the Romans Mare Internum, is variously translated. The Germans give the same idea in Mittelländisches Meer.

To all Italians the Eternal City is Roma, as in Virgil's time. The form used by us is French, and the Germans write simply Rom. London is Londres to the French and Londra to the Italians. Paris is spelled pretty much the same in all languages, but is variously pronounced. The most notable exception is the Italian Parigi.

There are many places whereof the inhabitants would not know the name of their own city as given by foreigners. For instance, Cologne, on the Rhine, is simply Köln in German, a word difficult of pronunciation in English. At home the people of Florence speak of its as Firenze; Napoli is the name of Naples; Antwerp is Anvers, and in the case of Japan we find that the little brown men call their country Nippon or Nihon.

It is a curious fact that sailors of the English speaking nations often speak of the Atlantic as the "western ocean."